

THE GRAND GETAWAY

By A. H. C. MITCHELL

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(Continued from last week)

As the yacht came abreast of the old fort he half expected to hear the boom of a cannon and hear a shot whistle across the bows as a command to surrender. He had read of such things.

He felt like a private, privateer-man, blockade runner and smuggler all rolled into one.

It appeared to him as though every gun in the fort was pointed at him personally, and to his guilty mind it seemed as though every pair of binoculars in San Francisco was leveled at the yacht to see what direction she would take; and that when he least expected it a long arm would reach out, pick him off the deck of the craft and stand him up before the stern gaze of Anderson, the chief of police, the district attorney and the president of the bank he had looted.

But nothing of that sort happened, and before long the yacht was rising and falling on the long swells of the ocean and her masts were bending lower to the heavier breeze of the open sea.

That last thought had given Hemenway an idea, and as they gathered around the wheel he said:

"Say, Captain George, does it make any difference to your navigation business if we head due west until we get out of sight of land? I told a friend of mine we were going to Yokohama, and I don't want him to think I am lying about it."

"He's a bookmaker, and I know the old son-of-a-gun has his field glasses on me this very minute. He bet me fifty I wouldn't have the nerve to start out in a boat of this size, and I just want him to know he loses. It'll keep him sore for six months."

They all laughed.

"All right," said George, "it won't take us long to put California under the horizon if this breeze holds out. Now, somebody get breakfast while the others straighten out that cabin. This sea will slap things around if they are not stowed shipshape."

The fact quickly developed that none of the party except the twins could cook.

"You are a fine bunch!" exclaimed Jim in disgust. "I'm not going to do all the cooking, and neither is my brother."

Hemenway hastened to smooth matters over.

"I want you fellows to understand that I am willing to do anything, and work as hard as anybody. I can't cook, but I can learn. I can't sail a boat, but I can learn that too. Please be a little patient and things will iron themselves out all right. Just now I'm nearly ready to drop."

"I was up all night and haven't had a wink of sleep since Saturday morning. If you will allow me a wink or two as soon as it can be arranged that's all I will ask."

"All right boy," smiled Jim. "That's good enough. Come on, now, and let's straighten things down below."

Hemenway and Lent followed him down the companionway.

"For the love of Mike, what's this?" exclaimed Jim. He was standing beside one of the bunks on which was a dinner coat and a pile of gold and yellow-backs.

"That's my pile," replied Lent. "I took a dying chance in a gambling house last night and luck was with me. I don't know how much is there, but I broke the bank."

"That's interesting," said Hemenway, "we'll count it right now." They did so and found the pile totaled close to fifteen thousand dollars, more than eight thousand dollars of which was in gold.

"Well, stuff it away somewhere, you can't spend it here," remarked Hemenway.

They quickly put the cabin to rights and then repaired to the galley. After nosing around they brought forth the ingredients of a breakfast. Jim made coffee and cooked bacon and eggs, which with bread and butter and a can of peaches made an excellent meal.

"Lucky I thought of a case of eggs and a tub of butter and a whole lot of bread yesterday. They were not on my list," said Hemenway, "but I guess we have plenty of everything else."

"I hope so," said Jim fervently. "Now clean up those dishes and I will relieve George at the wheel."

It took George no time at all to eat his breakfast and soon they were all gathered aft again.

"What I want to know is, who is that fellow you called Dennis, and what did you do with him?" asked George of Hemenway.

"He's the husky I told you about," replied Hemenway. "I took him in good faith. He agreed to come for twenty-five dollars a month. He came aboard drunk, as near as I can find out. Anyway he talked like a drunk man about Lent, here."

"I didn't have time to argue with

him, so I pushed him down the hatch and put the lid on. After a while I'll dig him up and have a talk with him. He certainly ought to be a shot by that time."

"All right," said George. "Now, Hemenway, you and Lent turn in. You can sleep until four o'clock, which is eight bells unless you are needed on deck. In the meantime Jim and I will figure out how to run things. If you hear us holler, jump quick. Now go below."

"Aye, aye, sir. Is that the way to say it?" laughed Hemenway as he disappeared with Lent.

"Just as soon as those fellows get some sleep we will take them right in hand," declared George as soon as he and his brother were alone. "The first thing to do is to teach them to steer so they can take their regular trick at the wheel. Tomorrow, if the weather is anywhere near decent, we'll show them how to reef and furl, and make 'em learn the ropes in double quick time. Then we—what's that!"

They listened. There was a sound of subdued hammering. George ran forward whence the sounds came.

"It's that fellow down in the fore hold. I guess he wants to come up," he yelled.

"Let him up," ordered Jim.

George unfastened the bar, lifted the hatch cover and peered down the hold. Seated on a coil of rope, stripped to his undershirt and holding a shoe in one hand was the detective. He had torn his shirt into bandages which he had wrapped around his head. His face, hands, and undershirt were smeared with blood. At sight of George he arose, threw his coat over an arm and held up a hand.

"Give us a lift," he said.

George grasped the outstretched arm with both hands, hauled the gumshoe man quickly to the deck and fastened down the hatch again. McDonald grabbed a halyard to steady himself and gazed stupidly around. Nothing but the broad expanse of water met his vision.

"Which way's the land?" he asked.

George pointed aft. McDonald peered around the mast and saw the dim outline of the coast in the distance. At that moment a bucketful of spray came over the weather rail and doused him. It seemed to revive him instantly. He dropped his coat and shoe and ran swiftly aft. Jumping in the cockpit he made up to Jim at the wheel.

"Turn around and put me ashore—me and Lent!" he ordered.

"You're crazy man; haven't you sobered up yet?" demanded Jim.

McDonald with a cry of rage, threw himself at Jim and tore him away from the wheel. He attempted to grasp the spokes, but before he could do so George made a flying tackle and bore him to the floor of the cockpit.

Released from its guiding hand the wheel spun around, and the schooner came rapidly up into the wind with sail a-flutter.

CHAPTER XII

Shanghai.

Jim jumped to the wheel and quickly put the yacht on her course again. "Need any help, George?" he asked.

"I don't know whether I'm dealing with a crazy man or a crazy drunk," replied George who was sitting astride the gum shoe man with his fingers on the under man's throat. "But I'll tell you one thing," he added impressively to the detective, "if you make another move I'll choke the life out of you and throw your carcass overboard."

"I quit, lemme up," gasped McDonald.

"All right," said George, arising and helping the other to his feet. "Sit down now and tell us what's on your mind. How did you get all bloody and what's the matter with your head?"

McDonald passed a hand over the bandages and said:

"When that young fellow pushed me down the hatch my head struck the coaming and knocked me out."

When I came to the boat was pitching violently. I pounded on the hatch, but no one heard me. The blood was still flowing from the wounds, so I tore up my shirt and bandaged it. Then I took off a shoe and hammered until you let me out. That's all."

"Why were you so nasty with us?"

"When I saw we were leaving the land I got crazy. I didn't intend to go on this trip at all. It was only a bluff on my part. I'm a detective, and I have been shadowing Lent. It means a lot to me. For God's sake let me out of this, won't you? Lent is a crook, I give you my word."

The twins considered. Finally George said:

"You better come with me and I'll dress that wound and bandage it properly. Then we'll talk it over."

When this was accomplished they returned to the cockpit again.

"Where did you meet Hemenway and what was your arrangement with him?" asked Jim.

McDonald told them his story from beginning to end. "You see," he concluded, "I thought I could keep in closer touch with Lent by tying up with Hemenway, as I knew Lent had promised to go along, too. But I had no intention of sticking. My idea was to nail Lent at the last moment, and then I could prove he was intending to skip."

"It seems to me," said George, "that Hemenway acted in perfectly good faith throughout the whole business. Are you married?"

"No."

"Then you have no family to worry over your absence. It seems to me

it was a low down trick you tried to play on Hemenway. He counted on you to complete his crew. And you would have thrown him down at the last minute and upset all our plans."

"I guess you will have to go along, whether you like it or not, unless Hemenway wants to put you ashore, which I don't believe he will want to do after he has heard the whole story."

"Where is he? Let's ask him," said McDonald.

"He's asleep, and I'm not going to disturb him. Now about this man Lent. How do you know he is a crook?"

"Lent worked in a bank as bookkeeper," replied the detective. "The officers of the bank learned that he was visiting gambling houses. They had his books examined, but could find nothing wrong. Still, he could not figure where he got the money to gamble with. So they consulted my employers and I was put on the case."

"Have you got anything on him?"

"Not a thing, except that he cashed a lot of checks last night, and he hasn't any money in the bank that I know of. And the fact that he has skipped town is proof that something is wrong, isn't it?"

"Not necessarily," replied George. "For all you know, he left a note telling the bank people he was going away. You say there's nothing wrong with his books?"

The detective tenderly felt his head and took a long look over the stern.

"I guess I'm up against it," he said finally, "and I may as well make the best of it. I overplayed myself. All right, let it go at that. What's the orders?"

"You better turn in now and get some sleep. You seem to need it as badly as the rest. I'll call you when I call the others. Go below and take any bunk you like."

McDonald turned to go.

"One minute," said Jim; "can you cook?"

"Fair to middlin'."

"That settles it," laughed George.

"Now you've got to stick."

"It's a funny combination," remarked Jim to his brother when they were alone on the deck. "Hemenway seems to be the only one of the three that is strictly on the level. Fine kid, that. Oh, well, what do we care? I wouldn't quit would you?"

"Not on your life," replied George, with a laugh. "I'm just beginning to enjoy myself."

At noon the twins took an observation. At four bells, following the promise to Hemenway, the course was changed. The wind had hauled more to the west, and it was simply a case of veering off. When sheets were eased to a fine quartering breeze the course was laid south-southwest, half west.

At eight bells Jim went to the companionway and yelled:

"All hands on deck!"

The amateur tars came scrambling up in a surprisingly short space of time. Hemenway promptly led McDonald to one side and said:

"Take my advice and cut out ancient history as far as Lent is concerned. He says he never saw you before, and if you have been shadowing him he doesn't know it. I'll introduce you to him. You better apologize for the way you greeted him this morning. Joe—turning to Lent—"shake hands with Mr. McDonald, member of our gallant crew. Mr. Lent, Mr. McDonald."

They shook hands and the detective said:

"Excuse me for what Mr. Hemenway said I said this morning. Mr. Lent. I guess I was pretty well lit up."

"I move we all tell each other our first names!" cried Hemenway.

The motion was carried.

"Now, then, Archie," said Jim. "You come here and I'll give you your first trick at the wheel. George, you better take the others forward and explain things as far as possible. You've all got to become able seamen in double quick time."

Dennis cooked supper and they got through the first night in good shape—the only hardship being on the twins, who had to take turns at the wheel and get sleep in short snatches.

Archie stayed around with the steersman until midnight, when he was told to go below.

"I'll be a regular old salt in a couple of days," he remarked as he went to his rest.

Next morning the twins started their school of seamanship. The schooner was brought up in the wind, the mainsail was reefed, furled, and hoisted again. Same with the foresail. The jib and forestaysail were hauled to the deck, stowed, and run up once more.

Finally when the yacht was headed on her course again, the topsails were gotten out, bent on, and sent up from the deck. It was a tired crew and welcomed the order to quit.

"While the weather holds good we'll keep the topsails on her daytimes and haul them down at night," said Jim as they gathered at the cockpit. "Being short handed and having a dub crew like you fellows, you would probably get rattled if you were called on to shorten sail at night in case of a blow, so we will make it as easy for you as possible."

Every day for a week the same tactics were followed, and at the end of that time the twins pronounced the crew fairly well qualified to hand, reef or steer. The wind obligingly behaved itself and the novices learned quickly.

Everything went with surprising smoothness. Hemenway congratulated himself on this fact, and felt sure his

getaway was complete. This thought suddenly flashed across his mind ten days after leaving the Golden Gate.

He was alone at the wheel. The sun was shining brightly. The yacht was bowing along with the wind abeam. Hemenway's gaze swept the horizon. Not a sail in sight.

"Gee, I'm a lucky guy!" he said to himself. "They will never get me. I have disappeared off the face of the earth."

CHAPTER XIII

A Spy on Board.

What happened eventually might have happened anyway. Be this as it may, Hemenway did a simple thing one day, which, like cutting a deck of cards, later on changed the deal.

The cruise was two weeks old when he said at breakfast one morning:

"I don't like the name of this boat, and I'm going to change it. The Runaway sounds too much as though we really did run away, when, as a matter of fact, as we all well know, none of us has run away at all unless it be Dennis here, who ran away from a job. Are there any objections?"

"As you own the boat, I guess you can do as you please," replied Jim. "I don't care as long as you don't pick out something foolish."

"Watch me; I'll give you something nifty," said Hemenway.

He then went down to the stern of the schooner and unscrewed the raised brass letters that formed the yacht's name. These he placed on the deck and shuffled them around until he got a combination that suited him.

Then he procured a small pot of black paint, the basic color of the yacht and painted anew the strip where the letters had been placed.

When this was dry he screwed on the letters forming the word WAUNA and tossed the Y and R overboard.

Lent must have been the profound thinker of the party. He was very stinging with his words and never spoke unless spoken to. He never asked where they were going and appeared to take absolutely no interest in the voyage.

While not exactly remorse he was mighty poor company, and after a while the others gave him up as a poor job. He took his regular trick at the wheel, did what he was told to do, never shirked his work, but took no part in the more or less airy conversation that prevailed on shipboard.

However he was a good listener and a keen observer, and at bottom he was of a suspicious nature.

Hemenway's act in changing the name of the yacht and his laughing reasons for doing so aroused Lent's suspicions. When he reviewed his dealings with Hemenway, the whole thing looked queer to him. As near as he could judge the twins were induced to go along on the same pretext that Hemenway gave him.

He recalled that Hemenway declared he was in poor health. Lent decided in his own mind that Hemenway was the healthiest sick man he ever laid eyes on. There was something back of the whole business, he was sure, and he resolved to find out something about the breezy young man that posed as owner of the yacht.

No sooner was this resolution formed than Lent proceeded to carry it out. It was not until two days later that he found the proper opportunity. Hemenway was at the wheel, the twins were working on their idea in the lee of the skylight, and McDonald was forward preparing a meal.

Lent sauntered aft and went down the companionway. He crept to the forward part of the cabin, where Hemenway's trunks and boxes were stowed, and drawing a screw driver from his pocket, unscrewed the cover of the first box that met his hand.

He lifted the cover and ran his hand under the excelsior. His fingers struck something. He knew what it was the instant his fingers touched it. Continuing on the top of the bag, he felt a tag. The light was poor.

Feverishly he struck a match and read the tag.

"Holy sufering cats, my bank!

What do you know about that?" he exclaimed. Hastily adjusting the cover he screwed it down. Then carefully gathering up the bits of excelsior from the floor and pressing them together, he shoved them in his pocket.

Eight bells struck. He started. It was his trick at the wheel. He went on deck to relieve Hemenway.

"Sou'sou'west, half west," said Hemenway as he released the spokes to Lent.

"Sou'sou'west, half west," repeated Lent.

Suddenly Hemenway grew deathly pale, then fiery red.

"Where did you—?" Hemenway checked himself up short. On the right sleeve of Lent's coat under the cuff, were two or three bits of excelsior that had stuck to the material. The truth flashed through Hemenway in an instant.

"What's the matter?" asked Lent nervously.

"Nothing," replied Hemenway with a laugh. "I must have been a dreamer."

He walked forward thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir," he said to himself. "That fellow has been in my boxes. He didn't have time to open many, but one is enough. They are all alike."

As the full realization of Lent's actions dawned on his hair began to bristle. He felt weak and grasped a stay to steady himself.

"I've never killed a man; but, by God! I'll kill him," he breathed fervently. He gazed off to windward, trying to collect his thoughts. Finally he was able to think clearly.

"I can't get rid of him now; that's

certain. It would leave us too short-handed, but when we get ashore—

"What's the matter, Archie? You look like somebody had tapped you for your last two bits."

Hemenway looked around and discovered McDonald in the lee of the foremast peeling potatoes.

"Hello, Dennis! How are the murphies holding out?" replied Hemenway cheerfully pulling himself together. "I guess I must be growing home sick."

He added throwing himself on the deck beside the detective.

Then after a pause he said:

"Tell me what you know about Lent, will you? I never heard your story."

"Sure, I'll give you the whole history. You see, Lent was bookkeeper in a bank and—"

"What bank?"

"The Merchant's and Drovers'."

Hemenway let out a low whistle.

"What's wrong?" demanded McDonald.

"Just a coincidence; that's all. I had an office in the same building. McDonald started again and told all he knew of Lent's affairs. When he had finished Hemenway asked:

"Do you think he is crooked?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"Well, he's a queer chap all right; and I'm sorry I brought him along. If you had only played on the level with me, Dennis, all this could have been avoided."

"I know it, and I have been kicking myself ever since I got in this scrape. Never mind, I'll get him yet."

Hemenway went below shortly afterward and carefully examined his boxes. Bright, new scratches in the screw heads of one box proved beyond a doubt that Lent had opened it. Only one box had been tampered with, Hemenway was sure.

Next day, after pondering the matter overnight, he resolved to stow the boxes and trunk in the forehold, for there would be absolutely no excuse for Lent going there. To throw off suspicion, he got Lent to help him move the boxes, making the plea that they took up too much room where they were.

Lent helped him without saying a word. Hemenway felt life choking him while they were down in the fore hold together, but he conquered his desire and to all outward appearances was as cheerful as ever toward his companion.

There was no other incident worthy of record in their long run south. The weather was remarkably fine all the way. Even the squalls, which sometimes had a dangerous appearance and gave the crew busy half hours shortening sail to be on the safe side, proved harmless as they passed. There were days of calm and there were days of head wind; but, on the whole, they made fine progress under favoring breezes.

Hemenway and the twins, upon whom the responsibility for the cruise rested had not come to any definite understanding as to where they would land. Hemenway's idea was to "sail around until they found an island they liked and drop anchor."

This vague wish made the twins smile. As they approached that vast territory known officially as Oceania, and in romance as the South Seas, they got out a chart of the South Pacific and endeavored to settle the question with Hemenway.

The twins had brought along several books dealing with the South Seas, but a close reading of them left them still in the dark as to destination, but with a fine respect for shoals and reefs. The twins were in favor of putting in at some island that was properly charted and known to be inhabited and there make some inquiries.

Hemenway opposed that plan strenuously.

"What's the use?" he said. "We don't know what we would run up against. We have plenty to eat and plenty of water, so I say peg along until we strike something we like."

"That's just it," replied George. "We will probably strike something we don't like—a reef, for instance. You know this part of the world isn't

charted like San Francisco Bay, Archie."

"I know," insisted Hemenway; "but let's take a Steve Bodie."

Thus they argued day by day, but never could agree. Their talks always wound up by Hemenway saying:

"Wait till we get there; then we'll look it over." He seemed to think he was taking a buggy ride out to see a piece of suburban property.

A few days later Hemenway watched the twins as they made an observation at noon, and followed them as they worked out the latitude and longitude and marked the position of the yacht on the chart.

"According to that, we will be running into something in about two days time," Hemenway observed.

"You have called the turn," replied Jim.

"What's the proper thing to say when you see land?"

"Land ho!"

"Any prizes offered for the first man that sees it?"

"No; but I'll make you a little bet these calculations are correct."

"And I will lay you a little bet I'm the first one to see land."

They both won. Two days later, near the close of day, Hemenway, who had been looking dead ahead through a pair of marine glasses for some time, yelled:

"Land ho! and if it ain't I'll eat my hat."

(Continued Next Week)

LADIES! LOOK YOUNG, DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Use the Old-time Sage Tea and Sulphur and Nobody will Know.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend it ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

When a young rooster gets a comb he reaches the height of his ambition.

Wise men are as slow about giving advice as fools are about taking it.

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin inside bathing. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your pharmacist a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headache or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.

GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Eat less meat if you feel Backache or have Bladder trouble—Salts fine for Kidneys.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system